

Bird Droppings

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Aug. 19, 2019

Well...you're never going to believe this. A little while ago, I was sitting here at my typewriter, just staring into space, wondering what's next, when all of a sudden I heard a loud whistling sound, like powerful wind, getting louder and louder. I looked up, and a huge orange fireball was hurling right towards me.

There was no time to move.

I thought this was it.

It came down so fast, then BOOM! ...landed right smack-dab in the middle of the dumpster. It's partially embedded in the new red clown-nose flooring.

I think humans refer to these things as "meaty-alrights".

I've learned a lot just by listening to their conversations, in the parking lot. Sometimes the ones who wander around the premises carrying bottles of stuff to drink in brown paper bags get tired, and sit out front of the store, and talk to themselves, and look up at the night sky. If there's a shooting star, they'll point to it, saying "hey did ya see that one?!"...even though there's nobody else around. One human saw a big fireball like this one, and said, "that ain't no shooting star! It's a meaty-alright!" I guess these things contain some kind of meat. Humans are smart. They teach me a lot.

The meaty-alright here in the dumpster is still letting off steam, and whistling faintly. I guess it's outer space food. Hey, if it's meat, count me in! Haven't had a good meal in a while.

bye for now,

